

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH."

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## The Christian Sun,

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### CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church.
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testaments, sufficient rule of faith and practice.
4. Christian character, or vital piety the only test of fellowship or membership.
5. The right of private judgment, and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all.

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### FACTS AND FIGURES.

The new chemical laboratory for the University of Chicago will cost \$150,000.

"The great thing for every man is to forget himself absolutely in the service of God—*The late Dr. Cairns.*

"The heights by great men reached and kept,  
Were not attained by sudden flight;  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upwards in the night."

There are people who pray for showers of blessing who want them to come without any clouds.—*Ram's Horn.*

Some man, in statistical turn of mind, estimates that if all the babies born in one year were laid in line, they would stretch from New York to Hong Kong. If they could walk past a corner at the rate of 20 per minute, it would take 6 years to pass. If they should all cry at once what a long cry that would be.

More than 4,000 people filled "The Temple" in Philadelphia last Thursday night, to hear a debate on Sunday newspapers. Rev. Russell H. Conwell and Rev. E. Dager contended that they did more harm than good, while Jas. M. Beck and Col. A. K. McClure argued that Sunday newspapers afforded a liberal education to persons who read them. The clergymen secured a verdict of the judges, who were District Attorney Graham and two judges of the Court.

Some of our Baptist ministers are developing a taste for pulpit millinery. They think that the gown gives dignity to the preacher, and they begin by wearing the baptismal robe on the evenings when they have to baptize at the close of the services. To us there is no dignity in a man's assuming a woman's dress, and the fact that judges and chancellors wear it makes it still more ridiculous. Every Baptist preacher should seek to be a man among men, rather than an official.—*The Baptist.*

The American people should be exceedingly grateful for their abundant harvest of 1891. Never before did our furrows yield so abundantly, or our farmers obtain such rich reward for their labor. In 1891 we raised 621,000,000 bushels of wheat, or nearly ten bushels per capita for our population. Of oats we raised 750,000,000 bushels, and of corn 2,100,000,000 bushels, making a grand total for these three cereals of 3,476,000,000 bushels. This is a total almost inconceivably great, and by far the largest yield in a single year that this or any other nation

has ever known. The corn crop of Iowa alone amounted to 334,000,000 bushels, while in 1840 the crop for the entire nation was only 377,000,000 bushels. Between 1840 and 1860, we exported 130,000,000 bushels of corn and meal, a total for the twenty years of but little more than a third of Iowa's corn crop for 1891. It looks like a gracious Providence that gave American furrows such a yield, when the shortage was so great in Europe and in Asia. Europe raised 200,000,000 bushels less of wheat in 1891 than in 1890, and at least this amount will be drawn from American markets. Of the three crops above named, we raised one billion bushels more than in 1890, and of wheat alone 211,000,000 bushels more. Surely, God has bestowed his bounty most lavishly upon the American people.

It will be an eminently fitting thing to observe Discovery Day throughout our nation, October 12, 1892. This is the 400th anniversary of the most important historical event in the annals of time, and to no people of the earth does the event naturally wear such significant aspects as to the people of this nation. On that day the Exposition grounds are to receive their formal dedication, and it is desired that the day be made a day for national celebration, the school-room to be the center of it. Thirteen millions of school children entering into the work of celebration, an impression will be made upon the American heart such as could not be made by

any other plan, and the impression will not be merely one of sentiment, but one of enduring education. A program of exercises, uniform in nature, will be furnished to all schools, and while this program need not be absolutely followed, yet the general celebration will be everywhere the same in many of its features. It is also proposed that the veterans of the late war, both North and South, and thus Federal and Confederate, shall join the school children as escorts in the processions. Over all the school houses of the nation the stars and stripes are to float for the day, and

Congress will doubtless declare the day a holiday. We predict that no event in American history has ever had such enthusiastic celebration as will the discovery of America by Columbus have, October 12, 1892.

### Convention.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., May 7, 1892.  
Rev. W. S. LONG, President,  
Elon College, N. C.

DEAR SIR:—Referring to our previous correspondence; I beg to confirm my telegram of this date to our agent at Elon College, which is as follows:

"Please advise Rev. W. S. Long, account of Elon College commencement, we will sell tickets from all points on our line to Elon College and return at rates named in tariff Three, Associated Railways' Circular 3085 (copy attached) May 20 to 26th, inclusive limited returning May 28th: Delegates to the General Convention of the Christian Church can take advantage of these rates from points within state. Reduced rates from Georgia and South Carolina, on our line, account General Convention Christian Church will probably be authorized upon the certificate plan—one and one-third fares for the round trip. Will advise further later." I will have local notice appear in leading daily papers advertising these rates.

Very truly,  
W. A. TURK,  
A. G. P. A.

DEAR BRO. CLEMENTS:—Please allow me to say again to all friends who contemplate attending either the General Convention of the Christian Church, or the commencement of Elon College that it is very important that notice of that fact be sent to me. All the people here have boarders, and will want to know in advance what changes they must make in order to provide for delegates and friends. I will provide a home for all who send notice in time, all others we shall presume will arrange for themselves.

Very truly,  
W. S. LONG,  
Elon College, N. C., May 9, 1892.

## A Prayer.

Dear Lord! I ask Thee for no better gift  
Than that Thy light my path may ever  
guide;  
That I may never in the darkness drift  
Hopeless to float with every changing  
tide;  
Or aimlessly some course to take,  
In selfish ease my port to make,  
Forgetful in my onward way  
That I should shine and shine,  
In loving service day by day,  
Reflecting light divine!

O Christ beloved! I crave no gift so great  
As that Thy love my life may freely fill;  
That full of faith, in patience I may wait,  
The ripe fulfillment of Thy righteous  
will;

Content, nor seek to understand  
The leadings of Thy loving hand.  
Inspire my heart and every power,  
Make me most truly Thine;  
And keep me busy hour by hour,  
Reflecting love divine!

O Thou the Comforter! Sent down to  
me  
To lead into all truth, joy, peace and  
light;  
Make Thou my heart a temple fit for  
Thee,  
Teach me to walk by faith, and not by  
sight.

Fill Thou with life divine my soul,  
My deep desires, my thoughts control;  
Wilt Thou not dwell with me, abide?  
Then can I never pine:  
Complete in Christ, my life can hide,  
Reflecting love divine!

—Annie E. M. Hilles.

## Paul at Melita.

BY REV. JAMES MAPLE, D. D.

Acts XXVIII. 1-10.

Melita, now called Malta, is an island 58 miles south of Sicily; 17½ miles long, 9½ wide; colonized by the Penicians, and afterwards by the Greeks; at the time of the shipwreck under the Dominion of Rome; now a dependency of Great Britain, highly cultivated and having a population of 1,200 inhabitants to the square mile. Seven miles from Valetta, the present capital, is a bay called St. Paul's Bay, which is supposed to have been the scene of the shipwreck. Rescued from the shipwreck Paul and his companions found that they had been cast upon this, to them, unknown island. The inhabitants showed themselves to be kind and generous, unlike the wretches who have sometimes been met with on the shores of nominally Christian lands; these heathens evinced their humanity by showing kindness in a rough and ready, yet in a most serviceable manner. Moved with pity for the wet and hungry strangers they built a fire, and provided food for them. Here Paul, as in the past, was the leading spirit. He gathered a bundle of sticks, and laid them on the fire, and "there came a viper out of the heat and it fastened on his hand." But this did not excite him in the least, and he quietly shook it off into the fire, and suffered no injury from its sting. This was a miracle and is recorded by Luke as one of the signs that were to follow the work of the Apostles to confirm the Word. The islanders were deeply impressed when

they saw this. They supposed that Paul had been guilty of some great crime, and though he had escaped the dangers of the sea justice still followed him, and would not suffer him to live. They continued to watch him, expecting every moment to see him die; but, after watching him for a long time, and seeing no change they were astonished, and concluded that he must be a God. There was nothing very strange in this conclusion, for, first, they knew that the bite of the viper was certain death. They had seen people die from its poison. second, It was a common opinion among the heathens that the gods sometimes came down in the form of a man and mingled among the people. In their mythology there are marvelous accounts of these visits, and the wonderful works they performed while on earth. These unlettered people seeing that Paul suffered no injury from the viper's sting rushed to the conclusion that he was a god on a visit to earth. This part of the narrative has been questioned by infidels on the ground that there are no vipers on the island. This was probably the *vepera aspis*, or "Mediterranean viper," found in almost all the islands of that sea. Sometimes this viper will leap several feet.

Lewin saw a snake like a viper which escaped from among some bundles of sticks put up for firewood. Then there is nothing strange in the fact vipers are not found on the island now, for as the population of a country increases, wild beasts and reptiles disappear, and ultimately all perish. Malta is remarkable to-day for the density of her population, and except in some of our large cities, we shall scarcely find anywhere so many people in so small an area as exists there. This alone will account for the fact that there are no vipers there now.

But this was not the only miracle connected with Paul's stay on the island. The governor of the island resided near where they were shipwrecked, and he entertained Paul. In so doing he entertained an angel unawares, and only discovered the true character of his guest, when by prayer and laying on of hands, Paul raised up his aged father from a severe and dangerous attack of dysentery. This cure, and the high position of the man cured, attracted great attention. Many others who were sick with various kinds of disease came and were healed. Nothing is said about Paul's preaching, but from his character we may be sure that he embraced every opportunity to teach the people the way of life. Doubtless he met with great success, for when they left the grateful people loaded them with gifts. We learn several inspiring lessons from this narrative:

1. That God takes care of His people.

This He has promised to do, and He is ever faithful to His promises. Isa. 44:27; 43:2.

God has sometimes protected his servants in a miraculous manner. He has come forth in great power and glory to defend them. We have many illustrations of this precious truth in the history of His people. When the proud king of Assyria came up with a mighty army of one hundred and eighty-five thousand men to conquer and enslave God's people, He sent one of his angels who destroyed all this vast army in one night. None escaped but the king, and he soon after perished by the murderous hands of his own sons. (Isa. 37:1-38.) Take one more fact in illustration to this truth. The nations of Canaan became alarmed because of Joshua's victories, and Adonizedeh, king of Jerusalem, formed an alliance with four different kings. They united their forces and attacked him, but God did not let him perish. He gave him a great victory, and sent a storm of great stones upon the enemies of Israel. (Joshua 10:1-14.)

The day of miracles may be passed, but God still lives; and he has the same loving interest in His people now as when He came forth in mighty power and saved Israel on the banks of the Red sea. The perpetual miracle of His providence still remains, and while He has use for his people on earth, He has means for keeping them in safety.

These disciples did not know where they were when they were shipwrecked, but God did; and it don't matter much if we don't know where we are as long as we are under His care. This we always are. Two little girls were walking home together one beautiful moon-light evening, when one of them said, "Annie, it don't make any difference how fast we walk, the moon keeps step with us every step of the way; it don't move at all, and yet it is always going along with us." Thus it is with God; though He seems far away, He is keeping step with us in the march of life. We sometimes lose sight of this glorious fact, and need to be reminded of it. A minister called to see an afflicted Christian, and on entering his room said, "Well James, is your soul joying in God to-day?" "Indeed," said he, "my mind is clouded, my prayer feeble, and my heart cold. I can, however, still conscientiously say that I hate sin, and, though with many fears that it will master me, strive against it." The minister answered, "You want perfect love, James." "I do, I feel I do," he said. "Have it then," said the man of God. "Is not that what I wish? Is not that what I am trying

for?" "Yes, James, you have tried too much, and trusted too little." He then read—

"Round thee, and beneath are spread the everlasting arms."

"Whose arms?" "Gods." "Where spread?" "Around my soul and underneath." "Why man, say you so? Sink down upon them then and rest." "I will try," said the man. "James! James! There you are again; trying instead of trusting. Suppose you place your child in the cradle, and sit. Now, dear one rest. Would you expect the little one to set itself shaking the cradle, and to say, I am trying? Would he rest so? No sir, he must be still to rest. So must you, James. Tell God, "Thou art mine, and I am Thine." Cast thyself on His fidelity; sink down upon Him, and on an arm firmer than a rock, tenderer than a mother's thou shalt rest."

One of the most difficult things for us is to learn to trust God. Mr. Wesley was once engaged in a very important conference with some of his leading associates. The subject of discussion was faith. No one was able to furnish a definition satisfactory to himself or to any one present. In their perplexity, he said, "Let us call in Mrs. ———," naming a woman of strong good sense and deep piety. "She can tell us just what faith is, because she has consciously exercised it." When requested to tell what faith is, her reply was this, "It is taking God at His word." "That will do," exclaimed Mr. Wesley; and that will do for us all.

2. How royally God repays kindness shown to His servants. Publins entertains Paul and the shipwrecked voyagers, and his father is healed of a dangerous disease. This is not a solitary instance. Rahab received the spies in peace, and protected them; and for this she and her household were saved when Jericho was destroyed. The widow of Zarepheth received Elijah into her house, and divided her last morsel of bread with him. For this God sustained her through the long and terrible famine. The high born and rich lady of Shunem entertained Elisha, and built him a resting place. For this God gave her a son, and when he died from exposure to the heat He restored him to life. Mary and Martha received the Lord into their home, and He found a quiet resting place there. God richly rewarded them, for when their dear brother died, Christ restored him to life and gave him back to them again. So it is still. God will be no man's debtor, and when we treat His servants kindly or sacrifice to help his cause, He gives back a hundred fold, either in material blessings or in riches of grace, whereby the roots of our spiritual life are fed and strengthened for all trials.

Abraham received a stranger, a messenger of the Lord, into his tent, and care for him. God blessed him for it. Two strangers were found one evening wandering through the streets of Sodom by Lot, and he took them into his house, fed and lodged them. He was greatly blessed for it. They saved him from great destruction next morning. Two men were on their way from Jerusalem to Emmaus, and they fell in with a stranger. Becoming interested in his conversation they invited him to spend the night with them, and they provided supper for him. He was more than an angel, and they were blessed beyond measure. It was Christ. The precious promise of Christ has been verified in millions of instances. Even in this selfish world it pays to be kind and liberal.

Some years ago a pious widow, who was reduced to great poverty, had just placed the last smoke-herring on her table for herself and children. A rap was heard at the door, and a stranger solicited lodging and food, saying that he had not tasted bread for twenty-four hours. She immediately invited him to share with her in the scanty meal, saying, "We shall not be forsaken, or suffer deeper for an act of charity. The stranger drew near the table, but when he saw the scanty fare, filled with astonishment, said, "And is this all your store? And do you offer a share to one you do not know? Woman do you not wrong your children by giving a part of your last morsel to a stranger?" "Ah," said she weeping, "I have a boy, a darling son, somewhere on the wide face of the world, unless Heaven has taken him away; and I only do for you as I would that others would act towards him. God who sent manna from Heaven can provide for us, and how should I offend him by turning you away unrelieved?" The stranger sprang from his seat, clasped her in his arms saying, "God, indeed, has provided just such a home for your wandering son. My mother! O my mother!" It was her son who had come in this way to surprise her.

Saved.

MRS. ANNA BECK ALLEN.

Mrs. Fairfax stood at her half open door looking out into the darkness and listening for the sound of Charlie's footsteps. But she listened in vain.

"No Charlie, yet," she sighed as she closed the door.

Falling on her knees she prayed:

"Oh God, my Father, let me keep my boy, help me to keep him. Do not, O do not let him be tempted away from me and thee. All is so dark before me. Show me how to go."

Charlie Fairfax was the model boy of the village. He stood first in all his classes in the seminary. He was known to be devoted to his mother; he was polite to strangers, the knightly champion of girls and boys, temperate, and an active member of the Christian Endeavor Society of his church. Why should his mother be uneasy about him? Surely such a boy was in smaller danger of being led astray.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Charlie Fairfax was at the age when most boys grow restless, discontented with themselves and their surroundings, impatient of restraint, full of vague longings to get out into the great world.

Mrs. Fairfax, with a mother's keen instinct, had detected the first symptoms of restlessness in her son. Thinking it wise to let it wear itself away she had apparently relaxed her accustomed vigilance, telling him more than once, when he asked permission to do something, that he would soon be a man and must learn to decide for himself whether certain things were right or wrong.

She had felt sure of him, sure that her own careful training of him had made him strong enough to choose the right and reject the wrong.

But alas for the temptations that reach out beckoning hands towards the young.

Charles fell in with companions more restless than himself, none of them so carefully trained as he had been, some of them far along on the road to dissipation and ruin. But to Charles they seemed only jolly companions, who laughed, told stories, and made wonderful plans for the future.

After having once felt the fascination of their society it was so easy to find excuses for seeking them again, so hard to spend the long evening with the mother in her quiet sitting room.

Just at this crisis, too the seminary teacher was taken sick and the school closed.

Mrs. Fairfax was perplexed. If she should say, "Charlie you must not go with those boys again," she believed that he would obey. But was that the best plan? Was there not a better way by which to win him from them?

In her perplexity she went to her heavenly father and sought his guidance.

When Charlie came home at eleven o'clock that night, his face was full of penitence.

"One thing I promised myself, mother, when I saw your light, was not to stay out so late at night. Will you forgive me this time, if I won't do so any more?"

No mother could resist such boyish pleading.

"Yes, Charlie; but I want to talk with you. You know how fully I trust you in all things. You have been strong and manly beyond your years, but the strongest of us are sometimes the weakest. You have not tried your strength. Twenty-five years ago I was just the age you are now, as full of life and hope and courage as you are to-night. A peculiar temptation beset me. I almost fell. Often since, I have thought of myself as then hanging over a precipice, supported by one little thread. The temptation passed. I was saved; not by my own strength, but by the power beyond me. You may not be in imminent danger, as I was. But there is danger, Charlie. Besides, you are wasting precious time. I know you need companionship. It is a need of young nature. I have been too negligent of that. The fact that you are company enough for me has caused me to forget that I am not all the company you need."

"O mother, don't say anything more. I am ashamed to have left you so much alone. I'll not—"

"But you do need companionship, Charlie. What I want to ask you is to get your friends to come here instead of spending your evenings in the postoffice."

"Why, mother! The boys will bring in no end of mud and dirt."

"O I guess not. The scraper and mat and brush will get all the mud off their shoes."

"But—but—" Charlie's face reddened.

"But what?"

"Some of the boys are so rough mother. Nearly all of them use slang and some of them even swear."

"Are you afraid that your mother's morals or manners will be corrupted by evil associations?"

"No, no, not that; but I thought—"

Again Charlie hesitated and blushed.

"You thought I would not choose such boys for your companions? I have thought of many things during my evenings here alone. But not until to-night did God show me that while I have been shutting you in from bad influences, I have also been shutting other boys out from some possible good. I am afraid for you to go downtown to find your associates. But I am not afraid for those same associates to come up into my sitting room to find you. Tell me how we can make it pleasantest for them."

"I will tell you what we were talking about to-night, mother. School is not to re-open until spring, and a lot of us boys want to learn bookkeeping this winter. Will Jones

has taken the whole course and says he will teach us an hour every night if I'll help him an hour on his Latin. He wants to go to college next fall, you know. We asked the trustees for a room in the seminary, but they refused. If we could meet here it would be the very thing I hadn't thought of that."

"No; I have always been too afraid of dirt on my precious carpets. But there are some things more precious than carpets."

The boys could hardly believe it possible when Charlie came the next evening to the postoffice, with an invitation from his mother for them to hold their meeting in her sitting-room. Some of the better class readily accepted the invitation. Others held back, consenting at last only because Charlie would take no refusal.

Even Charlie himself was surprised at his mother that night. She seemed to understand each one of the dozen boys as she had always understood him. She talked to each one as though his own plans were of prime importance, as, indeed, they were to him.

If anyone had no plans, she talked to him in such a way as to awaken within him a purpose to accomplish something in the world.

When, at nine o'clock she bade them good night, each went away feeling that his own life was worth something to himself, and resolving to make it worth something to others.

This evening was but the beginning of evenings for these boys. Their book keeping gave them an hour's steady work every evening. Sometimes they spent another hour in reading. Sometimes there were games of various kinds. Sometimes they ate apples and talked as boys love to talk, referring all matters of doubt and dispute to Mrs. Fairfax, who sat knitting in her own special corner.

Who could measure the influence of those evenings upon the minds and hearts and lives of the young men who there met together? As, one by one they dropped out of their accustomed places in Mrs. Fairfax's pleasant sitting room to take their places in the world, they left behind them the assurance that not in vain had been the sacrifice of many quiet hours. The weak had been made strong against temptations, the erring had been brought back to the path of temperance and virtue—all by the power of the mother "working together or with God."—*The Cumberland Presbyterian.*

There are at present 123,000 colleges and schools in India for men, with 3,626,390 students, but there are only to be found a few hundred schools of low vernacular standards and half a dozen colleges for women, with 294,261 students.

**No Place for Boys.**

What can a boy do, and where can a boy stay,  
If he always is told to get out of the way?  
He cannot sit here, and he must not stand there.

The cushions that cover that fine rocking chair  
Were put there, of course, to be seen and admired;  
And a boy has no business to ever be tired.  
The beautiful roses and flowers that bloom  
On the floor of the darkened and delicate room  
Are not made to walk on, at least not by boys;  
The house is no place, any way, for their noise.

Yet boys must walk somewhere; and what if their feet,  
Sent out of our houses, sent into the street,  
Should step 'round the corner and pause at the door  
Where other boys' feet have panned often before;  
Should pass through the gate-way of glittering light,  
Where jokes that are merry and songs that are bright  
Sing out a warm welcome with flattering voice,  
And temptingly say, "Here's a place for the boys?"

Ah! what if they should? What if your boy or mine  
Should cross o'er the threshold that marks out the line  
Twixt virtue and vice, twixt pureness and sin,  
And leave all his innocent boyhood within?  
O! what if they should, because you and I,  
While the days and the months and the years hurry by,  
Are too busy with cares and with life's fleeting joys,  
To make round our hearthstones a place for the boys?

There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere;  
And if our own homes are too daintily fair  
For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,  
They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street.  
'Mid the gildings of sin and the glitter of vice  
And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price,  
For the getting of gain that our life-time employs,  
If we fail in providing a place for the boys.

A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray,  
As care's settle down round our short earthly way,  
Don't let us forget by our kind, loving deeds  
To show we remember their pleasures and needs,  
Though our souls may be vexed with the problems of life,  
And worn with besetments and toiling and strife,  
Our hearts will keep younger—your tired heart and mine—  
If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;  
And to life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys  
That we kept a small corner, a place for the boys.

—Selected.

**"None Other Name."**

Some years ago a German statesman, lying on his death-bed, sent for a Christian pastor, well known to him and said:

"I am very ill, my friend, and I believe death is not far off. I should like you to converse with me on the subject of religion; but to spare you useless trouble, let me say at once that I do not wish to hear anything about Jesus Christ."

"Be it so," replied the minister; "there are other religious topics on which we may converse. To begin, then, shall I speak to you of the character of God?"

"Certainly; for I have always held the Supreme Being in the highest veneration."

So pastor A—discoursed of God's love, and this with so much eloquence that when he rose to leave, the count pressed his hand, and charged him to repeat his visit very shortly. And when next he came, he received a cordial welcome.

"What shall be our subject of conversation to-day?" asked the sick man.

The servant of God spoke of the divine wisdom and omnipotence; his hearer pronounced these truths beautiful and sublime, but was in no other way impressed by them.

On the third visit the pastor dwelt on the holiness of God, demonstrating that a Being so spotlessly pure cannot enter into union with any less holy than Himself. The fourth interview was devoted to the contemplation of God's inflexible justice, and now at last the sword of the Spirit had found a joint in the armor.

"Stay. I implore you!" cried the nobleman. "Such thoughts are overwhelming. If the Almighty be indeed holy and just, as you depict Him, I am lost."

The pastor made no reply, but left him, and earnestly prayed for a deepening of the spiritual impression, which at length his dying friend appeared to have received.

After several days interval there came an urgent message, entreating him to visit the count immediately.

"O Pastor A—," cried the latter, "why have you so long delayed in returning to me? My mind is a chaos of doubts and fears. It is as if I were in hell or hell in me. In God's name, tell me something which may restore the calm of which you have robbed me. Either modify the harshness of your doctrine or give me some comfort and encouragement."

"I am deeply grieved," was the reply, "that I can retract nothing I have said to you of the greatness and justice and holiness of God, and the impossibility of fellowship between such a God and sin-stained, rebellious humanity. Grand and consoling truths I could impart to you; but in view of the restriction you have imposed on me, I can but leave you now for time and eternity in the hands of God. Though my heart bleeds for you, I am powerless to give you help, not daring to present to you the only means of deliverance."

"Nay, speak not thus!" exclaimed the dying man, in a tone of poignant anxiety. "Tell me, I entreat, if

there is any way of salvation still open to me."

"I know of one, and only one; but you cannot hear it without my speaking to you of Jesus Christ."

"Speak to me as you will; only show me a door of escape from the misery I now am suffering."

And then, for the first time, the pastor brought forth his New Testament and read therein the blessed words which assure the sinner of pardon and peace through Him whose blood cleanseth from all sin, whose grace is freely offered to every repentant and believing soul.

It was good seed falling into well prepared ground. Quickly that world-worn, consiencen striken soul found rest in Him who calls "not the righteous, but sinners," and he passed away giving thanks with his latest breath for the free and sovereign grace of God in Christ Jesus; with child-like confidence commanding his spirit into the hands of his Father in heaven.—*Word and Work. From the French.*

**A Village Transformed.**

A strange story of many conversions in a French town is sent to the *Interior*, by Alice Bertrand. It appears that about six months ago the people of the village of Monteynard on the Savoy Alps were in rebellion against the Romish church. The Archbishop of Grenoble had removed their priest for good cause and installed a new priest who was a stranger to them and unpopular. The whole population declared themselves Protestants. Many of them did not know what Protestantism meant, but took it up because it was understood to be defiance to the Archbishop.

But they heard of a Protestant preacher who was called "Father Jacob" and they sent to him at his town on the other side of the mountain, to ask him to come and teach them.

This Father Jacob had been a zealous Roman Catholic, but had been led to study the New Testament through hearing a sermon from a Capuchin monk, which contained what seemed to him horrible teaching and he was anxious to know what the truth really was. He studied on his knees and understood it so well that he soon wanted no other priest but Jesus himself. He happened to hear that there were people called Protestants, who believed what he himself believed, and his happiness was very great indeed. But he had not waited till then to tell the good news of the Gospel to his friends and relations.

As soon as he received a letter from the people of Monteynard, he unhesitatingly crossed on a shaking plank the torrent which rushes between the mountain and the valley and arrived

at Monteynard. But he did not mince matters, and plainly told them that Protestantism does not mean protestation against bishops, but repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus the only Saviour. The peasants of Monteynard, however violent they had shown themselves, were sincere and well disposed and the earnest appeals of Father Jacob were not lost on them.

It would be touching to relate all the conversions that have taken place. Sufficient to mention the case of a man, once a drunkard and a swearer, who lately whitewashed the walls of his cottage, formerly as black as his heart, to use his own words, and with a huge brush, printed on the wall in large blue letters, I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Oh!, sir, said his wife to a Christian gentleman who came to see them, I cannot be thankful enough to God who has wrought such a change in my husband. All the pastors and lecturers who have visited Monteynard are unanimous in their expressions of admiration. One of them, writes: The revival of Monteynard is a miracle of Pentecost. The peasants have drawn up a subscription list to pay the rent of a room for public worship. A generous Christian from Geneva came to their help, together with two missionary societies, and the new hall has been dedicated. A Sunday school is organized and 150 have given in their names for instruction.

**He Could See The Point.**

Horsemen take great pride in being able to see all the good points in a horse; but one man found a good point in a horse which his driver had never noticed before.

Dr. Plummer was once riding on the box of a stage-coach along-side of the driver, who was a Jehu in his line of no common order. He was profuse in his praise of his team, and especially of one of the horses, interlacing his praises with oaths "You have omitted one good point," said Dr. Plummer, with a twinkle in his eye. "What is that, sir?" said the driver. "What is that? I have studied that horse over and over, and I did not think there was anything about him I did not know. What is it you have discovered?" "Well, sir," said the doctor, "it is this: We have ridden so many miles, and up to this point I have not heard a profane word out of his head." The driver looked at the doctor in surprise, and there was that same demure look, with a twinkle in his eye. "Thank you, sir," said the driver, "thank you. You have made a good point, and I think I will try to go as long without swearing as my horses will."

—Common people.

**Help in Trouble.**

There are times when men feel that they can take care of themselves; they have no trouble, everything runs smoothly, and in their prosperity they say they shall never be moved. At such times men do not think of looking for help, and they are not always careful to help others who are in need. But when the day of sorrow and trouble comes, when sickness, and misfortune, disappointment and adversity assail them, they speedily find that one man alone is weak, and often helpless, and needs the assistance of other; and then they remember their friends; they think of those whom they may have aided in times past, and they turn to the right and to the left to obtain the assistance which they seem to need.

How often they are disappointed! Men can borrow money when they do not need it, but when they need it, it is much more difficult to get. Men who are not hungry get plenty of invitations to dinner, but the starving wretch to whom a meal would be a boon may go to his garret hungry and forgotten. Help is of little value when men do not require it, to be of use it must be at hand in the time of necessity.

The psalmist says "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." We may not think of God in the day of prosperity; we may not remember his goodness in the time when all things around us are bright and sunny, but in the day of trouble we find out how merciful and gracious is the living God. There is no friend like him, and how often those who have forgotten him in time of prosperity feel constrained to cry to him in the time of need. But it is better for us to know him in the days of prosperity, if we desire that he shall know us in the days of adversity. If when he calls we will not hear, then he may laugh at our calamity and mock when our fear cometh; but if we confide in him in the day of prosperity he will never fail us in the hour of adversity. When friends forsake, when wealth takes wings, when enemies assail, when disappointments and misfortunes and afflictions encompass us around, we shall still have him as our Saviour, our Redeemer, our Helper, our Lord, our All, and he will give us help in time of trouble, when the help of man is vain.—*Safe Guard.*

No man must come between the seeker and God, for the best men are but men at the best. Not even the ordinances of religion can meet the need of the people, though they be God-appointed. They were meant to lead us to God, and not to be a substitute for him.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

**THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.****Lesson VII. A Song of Praise.**

PSALMS 103:1-22.

**GOLDEN TEXT:**—“Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.” Ps. 103:2.

**TOPICAL OUTLINE.**

1. Displays of God's care (vs. 1-5).
2. Praise for general blessings (vs. 6, 7).
3. Praise for God's love (vs. 8-18).
4. A call to praise (vs. 19-22).

**INTRODUCTORY.**

The time of the lesson was about 1030 B. C. David had been king of Israel about 18 years, and it was about 7 years previous to the revolt of Absalom. The place at which it was written was probably Jerusalem, the home of David, and the capital of the Jewish nation. We have not at our command the events which gave rise to the beautiful words of the lesson, but we feel fully persuaded that the great Jewish poet must have experienced some special visitation of God's favor to have enabled him to invoke the aid of his muse in the utterance of such grand poetical thoughts. Men seldom attain their greatest degree of perfection in expressions, either poetical or oratorical, except when stirred from the soul with emotion, and when realizing with all vividness the importance of their subject. Any careful reader can realize at once while perusing the lesson, that the author was fully under the influence of the thoughts which he expresses so elegantly, and was saying nothing but what he knew to be perfectly true and what he had fully experienced.

**THE LESSON PROPER.****I. Displays of God's care (vs. 1-5).**

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me bless his holy name.

It is not simply the mouth that is to bless the Lord, but the inner man, the soul: every part of the body is to respond in praising God for His goodness. Our thoughts, our words, and our actions are all to join with one accord in praising our Creator.

2. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

The human being is so constituted that, in prosperity he feels exceedingly strong and self-reliant, and forgets that he is a dependent creature upon God. But adversity is the means which cause us to remember God's benefits.

3. Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases;

Under iniquities is comprehended all manner of sin, such as licentiousness, drunkenness, sacrilege, adultery, etc. God forgives these when the sinner turns to Him with a penitent heart. He also healeth diseases, both spiritual and physical. He restored Miriam from leprosy, the woman from the issue of blood, Job from his boils, etc.

4. Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies.

God is our preserver in life. Were it not for Him we would perish. Under the Mosaic law, one could obtain redemption and regeneration by the blood of lambs and goats, and the exercise of a proper spirit. A crown is a wreath, or garland, or ornament worn upon the head as a sign of dignity. God giveth to each of us a crown of loving kindness.

5. Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The soul as well as the body must have nourishment, else it will starve. This nourishment only God can give; man cannot obtain spiritual food like he can food for the body. It is without money and without price. The eagle just after moulting time regains new vigor and can endure more than it could just before moulting; the man who has his mouth satisfied with good things bestowed by God, feels renewed strength and energy.

**II. Praise for general blessings (vs. 6, 7).**

6. The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for them that are oppressed.

We see this assertion abundantly exemplified in the case of the Israelites in bondage under the Egyptians. The Israelites cried to God, He heard their prayer and delivered them.

7. He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

Notice the difference in the words *ways* and *acts*. Moses was privileged to foreknow certain events; the Israelites simply saw and felt the acts of God.

**III. Praise for God's love (vs. 8-18).**

8. The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

God promised Abraham to spare the city of Sodom for 10 righteous persons. He sent nine mild plagues upon Pharaoh, before dealing the fatal blow. It was not till after long and continual rebellion of the Israelites that He disallowed all but two of the original exodusters to enter Canaan.

9. He will not always chide; neither will he keep his anger forever.

God allows human beings to go only to a certain limit in sinfulness; then if the moral nature is so depraved as not to admit of reform, He speedily inflicts the proper punishment.

10. He hath not dealt with us after our sins, nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

If we had received our just punishment for sin, we would all have been long since in the place prepared for the devil and his angels.

11. For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

This simply means that his mercy is infinite and beyond comprehension. By fearing Him we are not to understand that the same fear is meant that we have for an enemy, but fear in the sense of respect, honor, trust, reverence.

12. As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

The sins which have been forgiven us are no more. Their mark and remembrance may remain, but the sin itself has been fully pardoned, and we no longer are held accountable for it.

13. Like as a father pitith his children, so the Lord pitith them that fear him.

Children often do things contrary to the will of their father and when they turn to him with fear and sorrow for what they have done, he has compassion on them. The same relation exists between us and God.

14. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

We are part of God's own handiwork. He knows all about our physical make-up and the laws which govern our welfare. He is fully acquainted with our dispositions.

15. 16. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

The allotted time of man we are told is but three-score and ten. The average age of man is scarcely more than 33 years. This is nothing compared with infinite eternity.

17. 18. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him; and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

Children often inherit the favor of God from their parents. It was for David's sake that God did not allow the Jewish nation to go totally to wreck. Children inherit to a great extent the qualities of their parents and this also calls forth the blessings and commendation of God.

**IV. A Call to Praise. (vs. 19-20).**

19. The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

God is omnipresent, and while he may have a particular dwelling place, yet his spirit is everywhere. He guides the affairs of the world to suit his own purpose, even though his purpose may be delayed in execution to some degree by man.

20. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength that to his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of the Lord.

The psalmist here calls upon the inhabitants of heaven to join in praise to God. He seems to desire all to feel the goodness of God as he feels it. It was a joyful time with David.

21. 22. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts, ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all his works

in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

Here the climax is reached. The call to praise is universal. The whole universe is invited to join in adoration to the great creator, and to sing praises to Him who moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. The heart of the poet here beats in harmony with all nature and realizes the union and inter-dependence pervading the whole creation of God.

HERBERT SCHOLZ.

••How Much Did He Leave?"

How much did he leave? was the question asked when the death of a wealthy man was announced. "He left everything," was the prompt and sad reply. He could take nothing with him. He brought nothing into the world, he carried nothing out. No matter how much he had spent, how much money he had acquired, how much influence he had gained, how much wealth he had heaped up; all left behind.

My friend, you must by and by pass from this mortal state. What will you leave behind you? What will you carry with you? What have your investments been? Where are your treasures laid up? A little while and these questions will become intensely practical. Lawyers, executors, heirs, speculators, and fortune hunters will be looking to find your wealth. Relatives that have never known or cared for you when living may possibly have a great interest in your affairs when dead. Lawyers whose names you have never heard, may preside over the cutting up of your estate and may serve themselves right royally out of it. The will you have made may be broken, the plans you have made may fail, the projects you have had in view may be forever unaccomplished, and while you are moulder ing to dust others may riot in your dwelling and consume your substance. Treasures laid up on earth are a very poor capital to begin with in another world.

What will you leave behind you? Work done for God will last. If you disperse and give to the poor your righteousness shall endure forever; if your treasures are laid up in heaven, neither moth nor rust can corrupt, nor can thieves break through and steal. Flames may devour, floods may overflow, wealth may vanish, honors may depart, but those things which are laid up in heaven are sure and steadfast and eternal. Blessed are they who, looking beyond this world of vanity and vexation, of uncertainty and disappointment, have made their home and laid their treasure up beyond the storms and tempests, beyond the losses and crosses, beyond the disappointments and un-

certainties of this troubled and tempest-tossed pilgrimage.

May the God of all grace help us to lay our treasures up in heaven, to build our dwellings on the Eternal Rock, to make the Lord our trust, our refuge and our all, that in the great day, when earth shall depart and all its pride shall turn to vanity and dust, we may have our heritage, our life, our joy, our treasure and our rest beyond time's stormy scenes, in the kingdom of our God.—*Selected.*

An Essay or a Sermon.

What is the difference between a religious essay and a sermon? There is a difference, and the hearer feels it.

The pulpit essay is the product of the mind. It is logical, ingenious, vigorous, demonstrative, convincing—and cold.

The sermon is the offspring of the heart. It is warm; it is hot. It is the outcome of a heart burning with the love of God. From that it comes out all aglow, and the people feel the glow. Then under the influence of that glow they act, act for God.

How can we take the essay and transmute it into a sermon? There are two steps in the process. One is pray over it, at the time of preparation. And when it is finished, kneel again and put all its main points before the Throne of Grace in prayer, and ask that God will bless each part of the discourse to the good of preacher and hearer. Prayer is the great instrument in giving character to a true sermon.—*Louisville Christian Observer.*

Jealousy is a terrible infirmity in a preacher! It is indicative of a bad state of heart, and if not conquered will jaundice and canker the soul. We pity sincerely the minister who cannot hear his own people praise other ministers when they come to work with him, without secret regret and envy. Dear brother, you hurt only yourself by such grievous weakness. Do not try to get all the good out of your people, but be glad that they can love others.—*The Baptist.*

The only way to regenerate the world is to do the duty which lies nearest to us, and not to hunt after grand, far fetched ones for ourselves. If each drop of rain chose where it should fall, God's showers would not fall as they do now on the evil and the good alike. I know from the experience of my own heart how galling this doctrine is—how like Naz man one goes away in a rage because the prophet has not bid us do some great thing, but only to go wash in the nearest brook and be clean.—*Charles Kingsley.*

FROM PASTORS AND FIELD.

From Plymouth.

DEAR BRO. CLEMENTS:—Thinking some one would like to know how Plymouth Christian church is getting on under Rev. C. H. Rowland's charge, I will write a few lines therefrom. We have preaching every 4th Saturday and Sunday, and I just want to say while Bro. Rowland is young and inexperienced as a preacher, he is not at all a poor one; for he is one of the best we ever heard to his practice. We have a Sunday school which meets every Sunday at 9:30 o'clock which we hope is doing good, and by the way, the district meeting is to be here the 5th Sunday, and we want all of the preachers and delegates to be sure to come and help us to have the best one we have ever had. We had the pleasure to be at Pleasant Grove the first Sunday and organized a Sunday school with 15 members with Bro. G. A. Turner of the M. E. church, superintendent. This is one of the finest openings for a Sunday school we know of. We would be very glad to see Revs. P. T. Klapp and J. W. Holt at the district meeting. W.

District Meeting Program.

TIME:—May 28th and 29th, 1892.  
PLACE:—Pleasant Grove, Randolph Co., N. C.

SATURDAY.

10:00 a. m. Organization.  
10:30 a. m. Opening address, by H. T. Moffit.  
11:00 a. m. Subject, What can be done to advance the work in the Deep River conference, by Revs. E. H. Terrell, J. W. Patton, W. W. Lawrence.  
11:30 a. m. Does church members' conduct and influence advance or retard the church work, by W. W. Hayworth and others.  
Adjourn for dinner.

1:00 p. m. Miscellaneous business.  
1:30 p. m. What shall we do to advance the Missionary Cause, by J. S. Lawrence and others.  
2:00 p. m. Why has not the Deep River Conference grown faster, by J. A. Webster and others.  
3:00 p. m. Can the church progress without the Sunday school, by Lee Brudy and others.  
3:30 p. m. Are we as a church alive to our educational interest, by H. A. Albright and others.

SUNDAY.

9:30 a. m. S. S. Mass Meeting.  
Preaching at 11 o'clock and 2 o'clock

COMMITTEE.

DEAR BRO. CLEMENTS:—It has been

some time since an article of mine has been seen in the columns of the SUN. I feel like some brother has said in his heart, I wonder what has become of those three young licentiates that were licensed last conference, and what are they doing? Just here I want to tell part of what one is doing. In the first place I am doing what I can for the kingdom of Christ, and I can praise God forever for blessing my labors. I preach at New Hill and Pleasant Union. The church at New Hill is in a hopeful condition. Also the church at Pleasant Union is in a hopeful condition, and I feel just like rejoicing over the hope I now have, especially for the church at Pleasant Union. On the first Sunday in April I organized a Sunday school there, and yesterday, the first Sunday in May, I was with them again and it was soul thrilling to see them so surprisingly interested. I feel to rejoice over the leadership of this school. Bro. Billie Green, a consistent Christian, is superintendent; he has got the right kind of push about him. And Sister Florence Johnson is secretary, a sweet young lady. May God speed the day when our church may be full of just such as she and many others around Pleasant Union.

On the second Sunday in April Bro. N. B. Honeycutt met me at New Hill. After preaching for us a good sermon he conducted the communion services. Also he met me at Pleasant Union the first Sunday in May and conducted the communion service there. Brethren help me pray for these two churches that they may yet be numbered among the banner churches of our conference.

I do hope the district meeting of district No. 2 will be represented this time better than it has ever been. Come brethren, let us all be there and give Plymouth a good time

J. W. FUQUAY.

Varina, N. C., May 3, 1892.

District Meeting.

TIME:—May 28th-29th, 1892.  
PLACE:—Concord, Caswell Co., N. C.

SATURDAY.

10:00 a. m. Religious service and organization.  
10:30 a. m. How churches can aid their pastors, by Revs. T. W. Stroud and W. J. Laine.  
11:00 a. m. What shall be done with "dead heads" in the church, by Revs. J. W. Pinix, D. M. Williams and Bro. J. H. Jones.  
11:45 a. m. The relation of the Sunday school to the church, by Revs. H. L. Hines and L. J. Fonville.  
12:30 Dinner.  
1:30 p. m. Why our churches should carry into effect the temperance resolutions of our last conference,

by Revs. A. F. Iseley, J. W. Holt and W. T. Walker.

3:00 p. m. Why we should give more liberally to Missions, by Rev. D. M. Williams, followed by general discussion.

4:00 p. m. What Elon College is doing for the Christian church and why we should support it, by Prof. J. O. Athinson followed by general discussion.

5:15 p. m. Miscellaneous business.

5:30 p. m. Adjourn.

#### SUNDAY.

9:00 a. m. The pastor's work in the Sunday school, by Revs. A. F. Iseley, L. J. Fonville and Bro. J. H. Jones.

9:45 a. m. The teacher's work before meeting his class, by Revs. J. W. Laine and J. O. Atkinson.

10:30 a. m. Who should be in the Sun lay school, by Revs. T. W. Stroud, J. W. Pinix and D. M. Williams.

11:00 a. m. Dedication sermon, by Rev. J. W. Holt followed by communion service conducted by Rev. W. T. Walker.

1:00 p. m. Dinner.

2:30 p. m. Preaching, by Rev. D. M. Williams.

Let a canvass be made for the CHRISTIAN SUN at the most suitable time. Let those on program go preparel for the occasion. Some names are omitted because I have received no intimation of their intention to attend.

C. C. PEEL, Com.

#### Program for District Meeting.

PLACE:—Beulah church, Chambers Co., Ala.

TIME:—May 27, 28, and 29, 1892.

#### FRIDAY.

7:00 p. m. Preaching by Rev. G. D. Hunt.

#### SATURDAY.

8:00 a. m. Enrollment of Ministers; Enrollment of Delegates; Organization; Should every member of a church be forced to support its financial expenses, according to his ability? by Rev. J. W. Elder, and E. M. Gay, and others.

9:00 a. m. How can we best remunerate our pastors? by Henry Hughes, S. N. Sledge, and Rev. J. D. Elder.

10:00 am. Verbal reports from delegates in regard to the missions, and how getting along in raising the same, discussed by H. W. Elder, and G. D. Hunt.

11:00 a. m. Preaching by M. D. Chewning and J. W. Elder, Refreshments.

1:00 p. m. What steps should be taken towards a High school in our conference? Opened by Rev. C. M. Dollar and followed by H.

W. Elder and G. D. Hunt.

2:00 p. m. Necessity of family prayer, by Wm. Davis, J. B. Orr, and W. H. Chewning.

3:00 p.m. The duties of Deacons towards their pastors, discussed by H. C. Wallace, Bro. Pittman, and T. H. Elder.

4:00 p. m. Miscellaneous business.

7:00 p. m. Preaching by J. B. Orr and H. W. Elder.

#### SUNDAY.

9:00 Sunday school and Mass Meeting, opened by Henry Hughes, and followed by W. H. Chewning and others.

11:00 a. m. Sermon on missions by Revs. C. M. Dollar and G. D. Hunt, Home Mission collection.

H. W. ELDER.

E. M. GAY.

J. W. STEPHENSON.

Committee.

#### Holland Items.

Rev. R. H. M. Denorest filled his regular appointment here the 4th, Sun lay in April. We had a fine day, and notwithstanding it was quarterly meeting at the Friends church three miles off, we had a large congregation. The sermon was good and well received.

Our Sabbath school is well atten! el and the exercises are generally quite interesting. The congregations at our Sabbath school are nearly as large as the attendance at the regular church service at some of the other churches near us; and still there are many who should, do not attend.

Dr. J. G. Holland, my son, who has recently taken to himself a wife; will soon move here. He has here a good resident house and will build an office and other necessary houses. His wife, who is one of Holy Neck's fairest and most accomplished daughter, is a good organist, and will be able to help us very much in our church music and in the Sabbath school.

R. W. Holland, also my son, whose family is here, is building a nice resident house in which his family will move soon, he being in the mail service on the Atlantic & Danville railroad.

We are now having nice weather, refreshing showers, and the farmers are making considerable headway in preparing the soil and seeding crops.

R. H. HOLLAND.

#### Windsor, Va.

Rev. N. G. Newman of Ivor, Va., paid the writer a short but pleasant visit last week as he was on his way to visit his parents in Isle of Wight. Bro. Newman is just up from a spell of sickness from which he is greatly improving. He will soon be able to fill his appointments. It is with

pleasure I hear of his success and popularity from his churches. A large field of hope and usefulness lies invitingly before him. May he enter and cultivate it for God.

Dr. Herndon was at Mt. Carmel and Antioch churches first Sunday in May looking after his work. It takes a good deal of hard tiresome work often to accomplish anything. Discouragements must be met, and they must be crossed over. The first time I crossed the line from Virginia over into West Virginia, I gathered an illustration as I went. The beautiful pike stretched out and wound round the hills before me, but across the way, heaved up high above, the North mountain chain. How that mountain could be crossed demanded thoughtful attention. And while thought after thought was maturing the mountain still lay in the way. The pike wound round, it curved this way and that as I passed on over, and before I knew it I was across the mountain in West Virginia. As I turned and looked back it seemed as high as blue and as grand as before. From that time I went over range after range, into gorge after gorge of beautiful and inviting mountain scenery. I learned that the mountains could be crossed, and that if there was no easy passage through a gap, walking up the zigzag sides would enable you to stand on the top and look down and over on the other side. You may pant, and blow, and sweat in working your way up, but the cooling breeze as it comes to fan you, the valleys, the valleys, the rich beautiful valleys, the refreshing springs, the charming scenery all lend such enchantment that the mind is so taken with the pleasures of reality; it loses sight of the struggle in climbing up the mountain.

Many have started to the top of the mountain of success, some have gone there, several are on their way, and others have given out the idea entirely. They become discouraged, some one told them not to try any longer, for they would never get up. A few were too slothful. Some were too smart, it gave them such a load of self importance that they never could rise. Being too smart has already killed several persons, and it will destroy others. Some have already come under my observation who are badly diseased with smartness.

There are mountains to scale, here are mountains to cross. Mountain of selfishness. That is a high one, it is broad and long. If you happen not to like an individual any way, it matters not how many good qualities he has, you do not admire them. This mountain range runs sometimes high and sometimes low. Most gen-

erally it runs high. Its craggy height make one dizzy. I wish it did "look lonely with forgotten years." I once knew a young man to call upon several of his brethren in the same profession to assist him, by words of commendation, in setting before the public a work to which he had given much thought and time. After giving each one of them a copy of his work, I believe there were two or three only who took any notice of it. And all of them promised to give it attention. What was the cause of this? Better never promise to do anything than to promise and never comply with it. Shall we, any of us, permit selfishness to cause us to hear and wear falsehood? God forbid.

Up on one side, down on the other. A preacher of much note, who has already finished his work, said on one occasion, "An older preacher and myself preached in a certain city on the same day. As we went on the streets from service at the close of the day's work some would say, 'The old preacher preached much better than the young preacher.' Then others were heard to say, 'The young preacher is more fluent, and can preach a great deal better than the old one.'" So the young preacher said, "I was helped up on one side but pulled down on the other." It is good for one to be taken a little lower down the hill of opposition sometimes, because it takes away his pride and kills out too much conceit. Some move too fast—others get along too slow. Extremes must be avoided.

J. T. KITCHEN.

#### Summer Musical Instruction.

Arrangements have been made in the Musical Department of the Bible Institute in Chicago, of which Mr. Moody is President, to have special music classes throughout the summer which will meet the needs of ministers, teachers and others who during the vacation wish to take advantage of an opportunity to study music reading and singing, either for their own development or with the idea of improving the music in their congregations. This term will begin on Tuesday, July 5th, and will continue three months. Such students will also have admittance of the daily lectures on the Bible and instruction in methods of Christian work by specially selected teachers. The tent work as carried on in different sections of the city will also give unusual facilities for observing the methods used for doing mission work among the masses.

Inquiries relating to the study of music may be addressed to H. H. NeGranahan, 80 W. Pearson Street, Chicago, Ill.



one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one, perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another. Men who have made fortunes are not those who had a fortune given them to start with, but started fair with a well earned dollar or two. Men who have by their own exertion, acquired fame, have not been thrust into popularity by puffs, beggarly, or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmama to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for money, or for anything else, work with your heart, hands and brains. "Say," and some day you will conquer. Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all. —*Selected.*

#### Elon College Notes.

The Sunday schools of our township held an interdenominational Sunday School Convention at Elon last Saturday, May 7th. Mr. M. T. Thompson was elected president, and Prof. S. A. Hollemon secretary. The convention, though not largely attended, was interesting and we hope will result in good. If every township will hold its convention, the county and then the state could be much more thoroughly organized.

Our Sunday school at Elon has been in a flourishing condition all the year, and we hope and believe that much and lasting good has been done in it. The election of officers for next year took place yesterday and resulted as follows: W. P. Lawrence, superintendent; B. F. Long, Jr., assistant superintendent; S. M. Smith, secretary; Miss Emma Williamson, treasurer; Miss Irene Clements, organist. The teachers for the several classes are to be elected next Sunday.

This reminds us very forcibly that our work here for this scholastic year is closing up, and that soon we will turn our faces homeward and bid farewell to schoolmates and text books—for a while at least. Examinations begin the latter part of this week and will continue through all of next. These are not the most pleasant days of school life by any means, and about the most pleasant thought in connection with them is that they will not last but just so long, and after them, commencement and then home. And I have no idea that the word "home" seems ever so sweet and pleasant to a student as it does during examination week.

The young ladies of the Psiophilian Society are fitting up a nice society

hall on first floor of college building, having made a room of sufficient capacity by removing a partition.

The "spring fever" has been somewhat supplanted, among the young men at least, by the bicycle fever, and he who does not learn to ride the "double wheeled swift foot" finds himself considerably left in the race. This is a rapid age any way, an age of machinery and electricity, and people are going to find after awhile that walking is too slow a process and will either run, ride or fly soon, I don't know which.

And this is all the news I have.  
J. O. ATKINSON.

May 9, 1892.

#### Suffolk Letter.

If all the delegates to the General Convention will arrange to be present at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, May 21st, we may be able, I think, to accomplish more than any session since 1866, unless we except the extra session of 1888. That was the smallest number with which it is possible to hold a session at all, and yet it was the session that authorized the "Hymnary" and the "college." Both are now realities with a future for doing. They surpass any previous productions of their kind, and command the respect of all who know their worth. This should inspire us with the hope that the coming session may develop some vital cause of practical and enduring good. "The Missionary Convention" and articles on better organization considered at the last convention will no doubt come under review and be reduced to such form as to carry out the original purpose of the paper and at the same time receive the hearty approval of all the members. But this is not the place for discussion, but it is the place to insist upon all the members to be present. Let alternates go in all cases where delegates are absolutely prevented from going. As I cannot have further personal correspondence with chairmen of Executive committees I appeal to them by this means to see that their Conferences are represented at the Convention. I wrote personal letters to them some time ago on this subject. I would love to see the Ga and Ala Conference represented by at least one delegate; and certainly the Valley of Va. and Deep River conferences will send delegates. Let all committees do the very best work possible in their respective departments, and have their reports in good shape to present to the Convention.

Brother Henry May of Lynchburg, Va., placed a beautiful monument at his wife's grave in Willow Hill cemetery last week. The marble shafts are mute witnesses of the love of the

living for the dead. The cradle and the grave are so near together that we hardly lose sight of baby smiles until we look into the face of the cold sleeper. But between them somewhere are the periods that shape destinies and fix eternities. Histories of shame or glory are written between the cradle and the grave. Records that shall never fade, character that shall never perish, loves that shall bloom forever, experiences that shall abide with being and associations that shall be renewed in heaven—all these are crowded into the brief years we call "human life." "It is not all of life to live, nor all of death to die."

Dr. W. T. Herndon was in Suffolk last week, and, as usual was full of Elon College. It is well when one is so devoted to a cause that when you see him you know what he represents. One cannot see Dr. Herndon without feeling that he wants to say something in behalf of the college. That is the way we should all feel in hearts about our Saviour. We should be full of Christ and press His claims upon others daily.

W. W. STALEY.  
May, 9th, 1892.

#### A Matter for the Convention.

The great hindrance to progress in the Christian church, South, to-day is the lack of education. This is seen and recognized by all those who are actively engaged in the furtherance of any of the church enterprises. First of all, we feel the need of a more highly educated ministry; for they are, or at least should be, the leaders. Like attracts like: an ignorant minister can attract into the church only ignorant laymen. Like begets like: a poorly equipped minister will have a poorly equipped church and will but poorly advance the great interests of the church upon which our success as a denomination depends.

It is with these facts in view that your Educational Committee wishes to offer to the convention the following course of study to be pursued and mastered by those applying for ordination in the Christian church.

#### EXAMINATION FOR LICENSURE

1. The applicant's religious experience and call to the ministry.
2. His knowledge of the Scriptures and of the leading doctrines of Christianity.

3. The Principles and Government of the Christian church.

4. Literary branches—English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History United States, and Elements of Rhetoric.

#### EXAMINATION FOR ORDINATION

##### *First Year.*

1. Homiletics.
2. General History.

3. English and American Literature.
4. Church History.
5. Theology—Revealed.

##### *Second Year.*

1. History of the Christian church and of other leading denominations.
2. Physics.
3. Biblical Literature.
4. Mental Science.
5. Theology—Pastoral.

##### *Third Year.*

1. Higher Rhetoric.
2. History of the Protestant Reformation.
3. Astronomy.
4. Moral Science.
5. Geology.
6. Theology—Natural.

From the above it will be seen that the examination for *licensure* is very little changed from which it has been for so long time, thus allowing those who feel impressed to enter the ministry to obtain license and to begin the work without any extended course of study. The course to be pursued before *ordination* extends through three years, and embraces such studies as, in the minds of your committee, seem to be necessary to a proper preparation for the full work of a minister of the gospel. It can easily be taken within the time prescribed, even without the help of a teacher, if the applicant be a diligent student and none but such a student should enter the ministry. If a man can take the course in less than three years, and stand his examinations on it, he will be permitted to do so. It is strongly urged that all our ministerial students take a course at Elon College, and so prepare themselves to take a stand by the side of the best ministers of other denominations. It is our college, and no tuition is charged to those who expects to enter the ministry; and almost any young man who gives evidence of a sincere and honest character, and who wishes to preach the gospel, can get from his conference or from some friend sufficient help to enable him to meet all his other expenses. If a young man has a diploma from Elon or from any other college of recognized standing, he is required to stand examination only on the theological studies of the course, as all the others are always included in a college curriculum.

We publish this in the Sun that our people may study over the matter and be prepared to take action on it at the coming session of the convention. We do not claim that it is perfect, but we wanted to present something as a working basis; and we trust that no one will throw it aside without careful consideration. Something of the kind is an imperative need.

W. S. LONG.  
E. L. MOFFITT.

\*\*\*\*\*  
THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

Happy greetings to you all. This week our Corner does not show off very well because no letters from the cousins appear. May be you have forgotten our address. If you have then here it is—CHRISTIAN SUN, Raleigh, N. C. Any letter addressed so will reach us all right. Uncle Millard gives us some pretty verses again. Following is our

ROLL OF INQUISITIVE COUSINS.

Nora Williams,	Edgar Williams,
Myrtie Daughtry,	Bessie Staley,
Annie Staley,	Mary McCauley,
Allie Gibson,	Della Grissom,
Edward Harrell,	Lula Zachary,
Alfred W. Andes,	Alma Atkinson,
Lena Thomas,	Bettie Stephenson,
Walter Strader,	Ida Bell Crain.

This is a much better list than the last we published. I hope the next will be better than this. Write sometime. Just received two nice letters but they came too late for this week. They will be printed next week.

Cordially yours,  
UNCLE TANGLE.

Life's May.

Oft fancy paints the distant past,  
When I again seem young and gay;  
When, in fond mem'ries hall, is cast  
Some joyous scene in far off May.  
  
O children, has your life begun—  
Like pleasant, gladsome, sunny May?  
With naught, in truth, for you to shun—  
That makes this life one perfect day?  
  
Continue, then, in virtue's way,  
Let kindness sparkle from each face,  
And love that's pure as flowers in May.  
Will make you glad in any place.  
  
Devoted may you all remain—  
To truth amid the world's decay,  
And never from the right refrain—  
Till death shall bring perennial May.

D. E. MILLARD.

Portland, Mich.

Billy.

The clerk at the general delivery window of a city post-office is usually a pretty busy individual, but on rare occasions he has his moments of leisure. It was at such a time, one summer afternoon when active business seemed entirely suspended that the young man who presided over the general delivery was startled out of a comfortable doze by the sound of a piping voice, issuing from some invisible quarter.

"Say, mister," said a voice, "is der a letter fer me?"

The clerk stared out across his little counter, but failed to see the owner of the voice. Then he poked his head half way out of the narrow window, and glancing down, saw a little mit of a ragged fellow with a boot-black's kit swung around his shoulders. \*

"A letter for you?" he echoed with a smile. "Don't know. What's your name?"

"Billy."

"Billy—what else?"

The little fellow shifted from one foot to the other, but his clear, blue eyes looked steadily at the clerk.

"No'tin' else," he said. "Jes' Billy."

"I guess not," the clerk replied.

"Were you expecting a letter?"

"Yessir."

There was an expression of faith in his errand in the little fellow's face, and the clerk racked his brain for a simple explanation to offer him,

"Mebbe," said the boy, "if I told yer why I wuz a-lookin' fer a letter yo' cu'd find it fer me."

"Perhaps I could," said the clerk. "It won't do any harm to try anyway."

The little fellow set his book-black's kit down on the floor.

"It wuz like dis," he said. "Las' Sunday mornin' I wuz at d' mission Sunday school up-town, an' on my way back I walked wid Miss Rogers. You know her?"

"No," replied the clerk, still smiling.

"Yo' orter. She's d' teacher uv our class. She wuz a-telin' me erbout d' lesson, an' when I left her by her house I jes' knewed it all. Well, I walked on down d' street, an' pretty soon I seen an old gentleman in front of me drop a pocket-book. Den I forgot d' lesson an' everything' else and I brung d' pocketbook, when I picked it up, over t' alley where I live."

"I seen it was full of money, but I never touched none uv it. Long erbout night time I begun t' think o' the Sunday school lesson, an' the more I thought of it, the more I got worried."

"D'nex' mornin' I put on my good clothes agin, an' I wuz a-goin' t' take d' pocketbook up t' Miss Rogers. I knowd she'd feel bad's I did, an' so I thought I'd send the money back on my own accord.

"D wuz some cards'n things in it, tellin' d' name o' d' man what dropped it, an' I writ a letter to him, 'splainin' how I wuz sorry I'd kept it, an' signed my name—jes' Billy. Den I wrapped it up and sent it to him by mail."

The clerk had ceased smiling, by this time, and he looked into the boy's sober face as he asked: "Did you tell the man where to reply to your letter?"

"Nusser; but I said I'd come here an' ask, to see ef d' pocketbook got to him; da's all."

"I see," replied the clerk. "If you'll wait a minute, I'll see if I can see anything."

Without any hope of success, he

went over to the "B" box, and ran quickly over the letters it contained. In the center of the pack he found one addressed:

"BILLY."

"To be called for."

With a bright face he hurried back to the window, and handed the missive to the little bootblack. "Here it is," he said. "This must be for you."

Billy took the letter, turned it over one or twice, and then handed it back.

"Read it for me," he said. "I ain't much on makin' out writin'."

The clerk opened the envelope and extracted the contents. In a business hand was written a kindly letter to "My honest little Billy," and the writer asked that the boy call to see him at an address which he gave. The letter closed with the familiar words that "honesty was the best policy, always; but I feel that in this case a reward of another sort is called for." This latter referred to a neatly folded greenback which was inclosed.

The clerk read the letter over to Billy, and then handed it to him with the inclosure.

"Go up to Miss Rogers," he said, "and tell her the whole story. She will advise you whut to do."

Little Billy's eyes sparkled as he thanked the clerk. Then he swung his kit over his shoulders again, and promising to return to explain the rest of the adventure, he trudged out into the street.

It was a week later when he came back to see the clerk. His clothes were new and fitted him somewhat better than his old ones, and the bootblack kit was not visible. He reached up and shook hands with his friend as he said:

"I ain't shinin' shoes no more. D' gentleman d it writ me dat letter hez give me a place in his office, an' I'm a-goin' to night school now."

He said more than this, and the two had a chat during the first lull in business. But we have told enough of little Billy's story to show how true—always true—is that story about honesty is the best policy. And even if there had been no letter for Billy, the policy would have been the same.—Exchange.

Like a Benediction.

"I received a letter last winter," writes a lady from . . . "which was like a benediction—so good." How many such benedictions there are, flying through the mails from one end of the earth to the other! How many hearts there are, longing for that good news from a far country, which comes on the arrival of the mail. For while there are letters which taunt and sting and pierce and

trouble the hearts of others, a great majority of the letters written breathe love and kindness and good cheer to those who read them.

And how many such benedictions we might send if we were only wise to use our opportunities! It is not a hard task to write a letter, and the more we write the easier it is. It is only when people get out of the habit of writing, that it becomes a task to write to friends. And yet there are people who neglect their friends, who do not write to them for months and years. There are persons wandering over the world to-day who are not heard from, who rarely if ever write home, and yet there are hearts yearning and almost breaking to hear from them.

It takes but a little while to write a letter, but how many hearts would glow with a new warmth if they could know the loving thoughts which are rising toward them in the minds of dear ones far away. We may not be able to meet. Some of us have looked upon the faces of dear friends for the last time in this earthly pilgrimage, and yet we recall them with tenderness and affection, and a few written words expressive of our love and sympathy and friendship might brighten a whole day, and cheer the heart of some discouraged one.

Do not write disagreeable things; bury the sorrows, and forget the troubles; but let the kind thoughts and kind words and hallowed memories and glad hopes flow out. Let some of the Lord's words mingle with your words; let your letter contain something from the letters which the apostles wrote; and such letters sent forth will bring back others which will echo their sweet words and holy thoughts.

Now before you forget it, go and write a good letter to some lonely one; and keep pen, pencil, ink and paper convenient, so that you can write a few words whenever the thoughts come to you. Jot down upon a little memorandum the things you wish to write about, and the persons you wish to write to, and when the opportunity is afforded you will be able to use it. And do not suffer your correspondence to be interrupted. When you think it is about time to get an answer, write again and you will be likely to get it. Sometimes letters miscarry, or are lost, and a correspondence has often been broken up simply because some letter was miscarried and failed to reach the person who should have had it.—Safe Guard.

Your afflictions and desertions only prove you are under the Father's hand. There is no time when the patient is an object of such tender interest to the surgeon as when he is under his knife; so, you may be sure, if you are suffering from the hand of God, his eye is all the more bent on you. "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—McCheyne.

**Self-Made Men.**

All men are self-made. It matters not what opportunities and advantages a young man may have, he has to make himself, after all. His parents and his teachers can not make; they can only direct and he himself must do the making. Men are progressive and are therefore called upon to be active. The dove that brought the twig to Noah's ark made her nest in all respects like the dove of to day. The bees whose honey Samson ate from the carcass of the lion made their tiny cells just like bees make cells to-day. It is different with man, he is all the while progressing. The scientists of every age have improved upon the discoveries and inventions of every former age, and there are yet things in store for the future the wildest dreams of scientists and inventors have never touched. Making one's self means character-building. Character is everything. To be self-made in every way one must make the most of his body. The body is a machine through which the best intellectual and physical powers of men must work, and so he needs the best machine he can possibly have of his body. The bent of mind being very decided and preference for certain work very clear, a young man is less liable to make a mistake in following what he most prefers.—*Dr. C. E. Taylor, before the Scotland Neck Military School.*

**Speak to Them.**

How many hearts there are to-day lonely, weary, desolate, for lack of the peace of God, and waiting till some one shall come to them with the message of salvation, and with words of love and peace. They are not careless, thoughtless or indifferent, but they are timid, fearful and retiring. They need some one to take them by the hand and lead them forward into paths of faith and obedience; and while others are hesitating and wondering whether it would be proper for them to address them, they are saying in their hearts, "Who will show us any good?" How many times it has come to pass that some one has been converted, who has said that such or such a one was "the first person who ever spoke to me upon my soul's salvation." Many a man, many a woman, many a child, would have been converted long ago, had some kind-hearted Christian taken them by the hand and led them to the Saviour. Is it not time to do this work, and do it now? Can we not go out into the highways and hedges and compel men to come in?—*Armory.*

**Church Manners.**

We remember sitting in church once behind a young man who em-

ployed a good part of the time during which the pastor was delivering a sermon in paring his nails. He did this piece of toilet work very carefully, giving attention to both hands, and surveying the task when it was finished with seeming approval. It was probably a sin of thoughtlessness, a lapse of memory of what was due to the sacred place and sacred service. But it was repulsive, and we have never thought of the young man since, without associating him with an act of very bad manner. The famous Scotch evangelist, John McNeil, seems to have dealt lately with a similar case very summarily. Preaching in Aberdeen lately, he drew attention to a young fellow in the congregation of whom he said that if he "only worked out his own salvation as he was working at the paring of his nails, he would surely be a saint before morning.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

**Finish What You Begin.**

My old grandmother had a way of making her children finish their work. If they began a thing they must complete it. If they undertook to build a cob-house, they must not leave it until it was done, and nothing of work or play to which they set their hands would she allow them to abandon incomplete. I sometimes wish I had been trained in this way. How much of life is wasted in unfinished work! Many a man uses up his time in splendid beginnings. The labor devoted to commence ten things and leave them useless would finish five of them and make them profitable and useful. Finish your work. Life is brief, time is short. Stop beginning forty things and go back and finish four.—*Christian Observer.*

**Help One Another.**

Men are in this world for mutual help. There are some people who can just take care of themselves. There are others who can more than take care of themselves. There are others still who cannot take care of themselves. Every man who can take care of himself should do so, and every one who can do more than this should contribute a little strength, labor and effort to take care of others who are less able to take care of themselves. And so if all will be helpful, then all will be helped.

All mankind have been helped. No creature is born so helpless as man. Without help the race would perish. And we may all need help again. In helping others we only pay what we owe, and make provision for future needs. Let us each be faithful and helpful, that when the Master comes he may say to us well done. —*Safe Guard.*

**What a Rich Man Said.**

I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen, and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy me a single day more of life—cannot bring back my youth—cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain—cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death—and then, what will it avail when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it forever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me.—*St. Louis Advocate.*

*The Preachers' Magazine* for May is one of the best numbers of this popular magazine that has been published. The senior editor, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse commences a series of articles on Moses, and Dr. G. T. Stokes contributes a missionary sermon which he calls, "Great Light in Great Darkness." The Rev. John Edwards continues his interesting paper on "How Men Get Their Sermons," and takes the Rev. R. W. Dale as the subject of this number. Dr. Parhurst says, that the magazine is the best one of its kind published. \$1.50 per year. Single copy, 15 cents. *Wilbur B. Ketcham, 2 Cooper Union, N. Y.*

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**A Live Prayer-meeting.**

How are we to get more life into our prayer-meetings! Get more into yourselves first. If there is no life in a man it is hard work for him to put any into others. Get out of the old ruts and have a change. In some prayer-meetings it is the custom of having Deacon Jones or White to pray, and then the minister reads some great long chapter, and before he gets through he talks all the spirit out of the meeting, and then they go home. It's no wonder young people don't come to prayer-meetings. Have variety—new hymns once in a while. Get people close together. I have seen many a meeting lost by the people being scattered. People scatter away from the minister, as if they thought they would catch some disease near him. There is no power at all in such meetings. Have a live meeting, and get the people right up near you. If they don't come have a pulpit on wheels, and roll it right down among them. Don't have one of these great box affairs where they can't see you. If you can't do any better take a chair and stand upon it. And then just let them all gather around and have most perfect freedom and sympathy. Then have the place of meeting well ventilated. Sometimes the janitors forget to open the windows I have been in some of them when it seemed as though there was the same air there that there was twenty years ago. People who have been working out in the open air all day come in there and they feel just like going to sleep, and then they lay it on the minister. Have the room ventilated, and warm and light and cheerful. Have short prayers. If any one prays five minutes just go up to him after the meeting is over and say, "Brother Jones"—or whatever his name is—"I wish you wouldn't pray so long to-morrow night." I say five minutes, some pray fifteen minutes; I don't know any meeting that can stand that. If you can't pray short prayers, why don't pray at all. These men who make long prayers are generally the ones that pray least at home. They are generally prayerless prayers, and they take the spirit right out of the meeting. You ought to make the prayer-meeting the most attractive meeting in the church during the week.—*Exchange.*

**How One Revival Began.**

In one of the largest and wealthiest churches of New England a very gracious revival seemed to begin mysteriously and spread quietly through the congregation. A large number were brought to Jesus, and best of all, the church members were

thoroughly revived, and led to consecrate themselves fully to Christ. To add to the mystery the pastor—a very earnest, tender preacher—was taken sick and unable to preach for several months. The pulpit was supplied by ministerial students and college professors. Quietly the work began, the religious interest appeared first among the young of the Sunday school, and then among the unconverted of the congregation.

Many wondered how such a work originated. It is always difficult to trace a work of grace. It is believed, however, that this revival began with a company of girls. It seems that one of the number had been brought to realize her need of a Saviour. She wanted to join the church and begin work for her Master, but her friends said she was too young and must wait a while. She determined to try to influence some of her companions to give more attention to religious matters. A prayer circle was organized. The little company met at the parsonage as the most convenient place. The sick pastor frequently heard them reading the Scriptures, praying and talking. His own heart was stirred, and by and by some of the unconverted members of his household. Soon some of these girls applied for membership in the church, and it became known that they were accustomed to meet regularly for prayer. Their Sunday school teachers became interested, and then other teachers, until soon the whole school was revived. From the school the religious interest spread to the families of the church. When the pastor recovered and was able to preach a revival gladdened his soul. New members were received by scores. Yet the work began in a small way. "Behold, what a great matter a little fire kindleth."—*Selected.*

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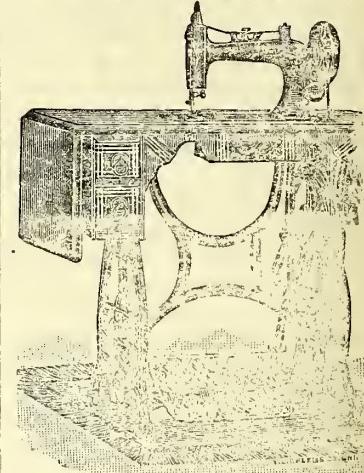
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**The Safest When Helpless.**

One bright summer afternoon, some years ago, a party of ladies and children stood upon the wharf at a fashionable watering-place, awaiting the arrival of a steamer which would bring their husbands and fathers. As they waited there enjoying the refreshing breeze, their attention was suddenly attracted by a loud splash in the water, followed instantly by a piercing scream. As the startled crowd turned, they saw a young man struggling in the water. He could not swim, and in his frantic efforts to rescue himself he was at each struggle getting deeper and deeper into the water and farther from the shore. The ladies ran hither and thither to find help. They found only one person near who could render assistance; he was an old sailor, who was standing motionless watching the poor man drown before his eyes. The entreaties of the ladies could not move him, until he saw the young man cease trying to help himself. As his hands fell helplessly at his side, his face told plainly that he had given up in despair. As he rose the first time, a look of horror came over the little company who were to be the unwilling witnesses to his death. When all hope was gone the brave sailor leaped into the water, and as the drowning man rose for the last time, seized him and bore him safely to the shore. As the ladies gathered around him he said: "I was compelled to wait until he had ceased trying to save himself, for I could save him only when he was without strength."

"So the blessed Christ can never save a soul until that soul ceases trying to save itself, and gives up solely to the power of Christ to rescue it from its sin. Oh, how willingly he then reaches out his great arm, and lifts the soul out of the pit and the miry clay, and tenderly washes and purifies it in the blood of the Lamb, that taketh away every stain of sin!" —*The Watchword.*

**A Refuge From the Storm.**

We are in the midst of storms and tempests. There are storms of sorrow, storms of adversity, storms of persecution, storms of slander, storms of falsehood, storms which gather and threaten and pass over, and storms which burst in fury in an unexpected hour. And from many of these storms the world affords no refuge. We cannot escape the bursting of the tempest, we cannot turn aside the clouds that overhang us.

How blessed it is when earth's wild tempests rage, to know that there is a refuge; that in God, the living God, the eternal God, the weary soul may find relief and help,

so that whatever our lot may be we shall be hidden in the rock of everlasting ages. The Lord has been the refuge of his people, their "home throughout all generations." He has protected them when they could not protect themselves, and defended them when defenceless, and stood as their friend and helped when foes were many and dangers were on every hand. And every son of Adam may find this refuge, this shelter, this protection in the High and Holy One. He may find the Lord a strong tower into which he may run and be forever safe. Blessed are those who learn this secret hiding place, who when enemies appear, fly to their strong Rock, and who, when tempest burst, stand secure, knowing that no storms shall ever shake the sure foundation on which their faith and hope repose, or dislodge them from the safe retreat within the everlasting arms —*Selected.*

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**Why he Gave so Much.**

We have a beautiful illustration of the blessedness of giving, in the story of a merchant in St. Petersburg, who maintained several native missionaries in India at his own expense, besides giving liberally to the cause of Christ at home. When some one asked him how he could afford to give so much, he replied as follows.

Before my conversion, when I served the world and self, I did it on a grand scale and at the most lavish expense. And when God, by his grace, called me out of darkness, I resolved that Christ and his cause should have more than I had ever spent for the world. And, as to giving so much, it is God who enables me to do it; for, at my conversion, I solemnly promised that I would give to his cause a fixed proportion of all that my business brought in to me, and every year since I made that promise, it has brought me in about double what it did the year before, so that I easily can, as I do, double my gifts for his service."

And why should it be thought at all strange that this man should have given so much? Was he not simply doing not only what he agreed to, do? but what it was his duty to do? Whose was his money, anyhow? It certainly did not belong to him: It was God's gift, entrusted to his stewardship, and he was really bound to dispense it, according to the wisdom that God gave to him.

Many Christian people have queer notions about the property that they hold. They act as though they were the absolute owners of all they hold in possession, and as though they had a right to do just as they please with it, without being at all accountable to anyone. Now, that man took the only right view of his possessions, and the consequence was, he gave as God prospered him; and God did prosper him, not only temporally but spiritually. He gave largely, because God gave largely to him. It was blessed for him to give, for others besides himself, were blessed.—C. H. Wetherbe, in *Christian Ind.* x.

**Spoiled Children.**

A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame. It is a sad thing for parents to love their children so much as to make everybody else hate them.

"Many children," says a sensible writer, "form intolerable habits and become abhorrent to everybody, through the weakness and indolence of the mother and the indifference of the father. It is easier to say 'yes,' then to persist in refusing under protracted whining and teasing; and it is easier to overlook insolent disengaged

ence than to call the culprit to account and insist upon reparation for the offense. But the inability to say "No," and the neglect of requiring works meet for repentance after his evil doing, mean ultimate ruin to the child. Lesser offenses are overlooked in the same weak way—slovenliness of speech, slang that is as unpardonable and nearly as reprehensible as profanity; slips and pronunciation and defective English. All these could be corrected and radically cured with a little patience and persistence. The same is true of bad manners at table, of thoughtlessness and incivility everywhere, which will easily become fixed habits. Certain people have a practice of sneering at refinement—as it is exemplified in good manners. They are ignorant of the fact that, aside from good morals, no other one quality has so much to do with failure or success in life as good manners."

If you want your children to be blessed and to be a blessing in the world, train them and restrain them. Teach them and control them, and guide them in the fear of God. Then they will rise up and call you blessed by and by, and will thank you for making them what they are.—*Armory.*

**House and Lot for Sale.**

By virtue of authority given me by deed executed by W. H. Ellis and wife to J. H. Fleming, trustee recorded in book 113 on page 731; and at request of parties in interest, I will sell for cash, on Thursday, May 26th, 1892, at the court house door of Wake county, the lot described in said mortgage, situated on the north side of Cabarrus street and beginning at intersection of Cabarrus and McDowell streets, being 208 by 60 feet and containing a good two-story dwelling and other houses on the premises.

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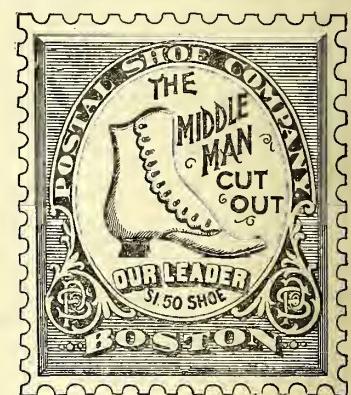
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**You Should not.**

You should not be a member of a church unless you give something towards its support.

You should not claim to be a friend of the pastor and then go from house to house speaking against him.

You should not say, "I am glad to see you, my brother," when the real truth of the matter is, you don't want to see him.

You should not be saying that you love the cause very dearly, while you are giving ten times more for personal pleasure.

You should not tell the Lord that you love him much, so long as you are neglecting to obey some of his plainest commands.

You should not pray God to send out His light and truth into the world, while giving nothing to help the good work along.

You should not pride yourself on your soundness in doctrine, unless you be fairly orthodox in your daily demeanor.

You should not subscribe for a religious paper, unless you be willing to pay for it before the publisher gets tired of waiting for you.

You should not consider any one your enemy because he ventures to tell you your failings and help you to become a better Christian.

You should not attempt to create a division in the church just because you can't have your own way and make others walk in your way. — C. H. Wetherbee, in *N. C. Baptist*.

**Make Your Mark.**

To make a mark one must be intense rather than diffusive. If anything is to cut it must have a sharp edge. If you are to make your mark on the world you cannot spread yourself all over it. You must make your point and take your stand, determining to do something. Do it thoroughly, do it right, do it better than any one else can do it. No matter what you undertake, master your business, and stand at the head of it, if possible. If you black boots, do it well. Whatever you do, do it as well as it can be done.

You cannot do everything. You cannot learn everything. You cannot be everything. If you spread yourself too widely you will be shallow and feeble. It is only where currents are closely hemmed in that they are deep and strong. A man of one book is a man to be feared. The man of one purpose is a man who wins success. The man of one idea, provided it be a good idea, is a man who overcomes difficulties and conquers foes. "This one thing I do," said the Apostle, and he who does one thing and does it well will be remembered and will not have lived in vain — *Christian*.

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AND LUNG**

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CONDENSED SCHEDULE.  
In Effect January 17, 1890.

DAILY.		
SOUTHBOUND	No. 9.	No. 11.
Lv Richmond	*3 00 p.m.	*3 20 a.m.
Burkville	5 06	5 00
Keysville	5 44	5 44
Ar Danville	8 00	8 05
Greensbor	10 5	10 12

Lv Goldsboro	12 15 p.m.	*1 35 p.m.
Ar Raleigh	1 55	5 45
Lv Raleigh	*6 40 p.m.	*8 05 p.m.
Danham	7 44	5 07
Ar Greensboro	10 15	9 41
Lv Winston-Salem	*8 40 p.m.	*8 50 a.m.
Ar Greensboro	*10 25 p.m.	*10 20 a.m.
Ar Salisbury	12 18 a.m.	11 57
Statesville	*1 52 a.m.	*1 45 p.m.
Asheville	6 55	5 59
Hot Springs	8 56	7 44
Lv Salisbury	*2 28 a.m.	*12 05 p.m.
Ar Charlotte	2 00	1 30
Spartburg	5 00	4 27
Greenville	6 10	5 34
Atlanta	12 20 p.m.	11 45
Lv Charlotte	*2 10 a.m.	*1 50 p.m.
Ar Columbia	6 07	5 50
Augusta	9 39	0 15

**DAILY.**

No 10 No 12.

Av Augusta \*7 00 p.m. \*1 00 p.m.

Columbia 10 50 4 10

Ar Charlotte 3 05 a.m. 8 00

Lv Atlanta \*8 50 p.m. \*9 00 p.m.

Ar Charlotte 6 40 7 50

Lv Charlotte 7 00 a.m. 8 20 p.m.

Ar Saisbury 8 27 9 45

Lv Hot Springs \*5 22 p.m. \*12 39 a.m.

Asheville 2 40 a.m. 4 25

Statesville 7 07 9 7

Ar Sali bury 8 00 10 12

Lv Salisbury \*8 37 a.m. \*9 55 p.m.

Ar Greensboro 10 20 11 28 a.m.

Ar Winston-Salem \*11 49 a.m. \*1 18 a.m.

Lv Greensboro \*10 20 a.m. \*12 01 a.m.

Ar Durham 12 32 p.m. 4 20

Raleigh 1 25 7 00

Lv Raleigh \*1 30 p.m. \*8 45 a.m.

Ar Goldsboro 3 05 12 28 p.m.

Lv Greensboro \*10 30 a.m. \*11 38 p.m.

Ar Danville 12 10 p.m. 1 10 a.m.

Keysville 2 52 4 15

burkeville 3 36 4 57

Richmond 5 30 7 15

† Daily except Sunday. \*Daily

**BETWEEN WEST POINT AND RICHMOND.**

Leave West Point 7 50 a.m. daily and 8 50 a.m. daily except Sunday and Monday; arrive Richmond 9 10 and 10 45 a.m. Returning leave Richmond 3 10 p.m. and 4 40 p.m. daily except Sunday; arrive West Point 5 00 and 6 00 p.m.

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Leave Richmond 3 00 p.m. daily; leave Keysville 6 00 p.m.; arrive Oxford 8 03 p.m., Henderson 9 05 p.m., Durham 9 35 p.m., Raleigh 10 46 p.m. Returning leave Raleigh 9 15 a.m. daily, Durham 10 25 a.m., Henderson, 10 05 a.m., Oxford 11 25 a.m.; arrive Keysville 2 00 p.m., Richmond 5 30 p.m. Through coach between Richmond and Raleigh.

Mixed train leaves Keysville daily except Sunday 9 10 a.m.; arrives Durham 6 20 p.m. Leaves Durham 7 15 a.m. daily except Sunday; arrives Oxford 9 10 a.m. Leaves Durham 7 50 p.m. daily except Sunday; arrives Keysville 2 10 a.m. Leaves Oxford 3 00 a.m. daily except Sunday; arrives Durham 5 00 a.m.

Additional trains leave Oxford daily except Sunday 11 50 a.m.; arrive Henderson 12 45 p.m. Returning leave Henderson 6 30 and 9 40 p.m. daily except Sunday; arrive Oxford 7 35 and 10 45 p.m.

Washington and Southwestern Limited operated between Washington and Atlanta daily, leaves Washington 11 00 p.m., Danville 5 50 a.m., Greensboro 7 10 a.m., Salisbury 8 28 a.m., Charlotte 9 45 a.m., arrives Atlanta 5 05 p.m. Returning leave Atlanta 1 25 p.m., Charlotte 9 20 p.m., Salisbury 10 29 p.m., Greensboro 1 45 p.m.; arrives Danville 1 20 a.m., Lynchburg 3 35 a.m., Washington 8 38 a.m. Through Pullman Sleeper New York to New Orleans also between Washington and Memphis, via Atlanta and Birmingham, ham.

No 9 leaving Goldsboro 12 15 p.m. and Raleigh 6 40 p.m. daily, makes connection at Durham with No 40, leaving at 7 50 p.m. daily except Sunday for Oxford and Keysville.

Nos 9 and 12 connect at Richmond from and to West Point and Baltimore daily except Sunday.

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**RALEIGH & GASTON RAIL-ROAD**

IN EFFECT SUNDAY, DEC. 1890.

**TRAINS MOVING NORTH**

No. 34. No 38.  
Pass. Pass. and Mail.

Daily. Daily Ex. Sunday.

Leave Raleigh, 5 00 p.m. 11 25 a.m.  
Mill Brook, 5 15 11 41  
Wake, 5 39 12 05  
Franklin, 6 01 12 26  
Kittrell, 6 19 12 44  
Henderson, 6 36 1 00  
Warren Pines 7 14 1 39  
Macon, 7 22 1 40  
Arrive We don, 8 30 2 45 p.m.

**TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.**

No 41 No 45.

Leave Weldon, 12 15 p.m. 6 00 a.m.  
Macon, 1 13 7 06  
Warren Pines, 1 20 7 15  
Henderson, 2 22 7 53  
Kittrell, 2 39 8 11  
Franklin, 2 56 8 29  
Wake, 3 17 8 50  
Mill Brook, 3 40 9 15  
Arrive Raleigh, 3 55 9 30

**Louisburg Road.**

Leaves Louisburg at 7 35 a.m., 2 00 p.m. Arrive at Franklin at 8 10 a.m., 2 52 p.m. Leave Franklin at 12 30 p.m., 6 05 p.m. Arrive at Louisburg at 1 05 p.m., 6 40 p.m. JOHN C. WINDER, Gen'l Manager WM. SMITH, Superintendent.

**RALEIGH & AUGUSTA AIR LINE R. R.**

IN EFFECT 9:00 A.M. DEC 7, 1890.

**GOING SOUTH.**

No. 41 No. 45.

Pass. & Freight Mail. & Pass.

Leave Raleigh 4 00 p.m. 8 35 a.m.  
Cary, 4 19 9 20  
Merry Oaks, 4 54 11 28  
Moncure, 5 05 12 10  
Sanford, 5 28 2 10  
Cameron, 5 54 2 00  
S'th' Pines, 6 21 1 35  
Arrive Hamlet, 7 20 8 10 p.m.  
Leave " 7 40 7 40  
" Gho, 7 40 8 15  
Arrive Gibson 8 15

**GOING NORTH**

No. 38. No. 40.

Pass. & Freight Mail.

Leave Gibson, 7 00 a.m. 7 40 a.m.  
" Gho, 7 18 9 31  
Arrive Hamlet, 7 38 10 55  
Leave " 8 00 12 10 p.m.  
S'th' Pines, 8 58 12 50 p.m.  
Cameron, 9 26 9 31  
Sanford, 9 52 10 55  
Moncure, 10 16 12 10 p.m.  
Merry Oaks 10 26 12 50  
Cary, 11 01 2 45  
Arrive Raleigh, 11 20 a.m. 3 20

**Pittsboro Road.**

Leave Pittsboro at 9 10 a.m., 4 00 p.m. arrive at Moncure at 9 55 a.m., 4 45 p.m.

Leave Moncure at 10 25 a.m., 5 10 p.m. arrive at Pittsboro at 11 10 a.m., 5 55 p.m.

**Carthage Railroad.**

Leave Carthage at 8 00 a.m., 3 45 p.m. arrive at Cameron at 8 30 a.m., 4 20 p.m. Leave Cameron at 9 35 a.m., 6 00 p.m. arrive at Carthage at 10 10 a.m., 6 35 p.m.

The Union Memorial Christian  
Church at Norfolk, Va.

We again give below the circular which is sent out by Col. Alex Savage, Secretary and Treasurer of the building committee. We hope that those receiving the letter will not throw it by as mere waste paper, but read it carefully and then send your free will offering to Bro. Savage.

A good strong church in the city of Norfolk will be a power to the Christian church. We want the people to show their liberality towards the work at Norfolk like the people of Virginia have towards Raleigh and Elon College, and the work will move rapidly.

When the work was commenced at Raleigh many thought it could not be done. But the house of worship at Raleigh was built, one at Durham, one at High Point besides the two great buildings at Elon College.

We want you, every one of you, to help in the Norfolk work.

For many years there has been an earnest and growing desire upon the part of the brotherhood North and South for the establishment of a Christian church in the city of Norfolk, Virginia. This "beautiful City of the Sea," is located on a point of land which a few miles beyond, thrusts itself up into the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, with Hampton Roads on the one side, and the grand old Atlantic Ocean on the other. It stands not only as the gateway between the North and South, but as the natural outlet of the great Southwest, and is rapidly pushing into rank as one of the most important of our Atlantic seaports. Two years ago, Rev. C. J. Jones, D. D., was persuaded to come and make an effort to organize and build up a Christian church. During this time God has greatly blessed the labors of all concerned, and though without the advantages of a constituency beyond six or seven families, we have succeeded in the organization with a membership of one hundred and fifty, a large and prosperous Sunday school, and constantly increasing congregations.

Aided by the Eastern Virginia Conference, we have secured a good location near the center of the city, and upon our lots have erected a "plank chapel" for temporary use. From the first, the Christian churches of the North and South have unitedly borne the expense of the mission; and, as will be seen, the great work undertaken is most thoroughly endorsed by the American Christian Convention. On page 236 of Quadrennial Book, (1891) may be read the following resolution: "1. That we approve the effort to organize a Memorial Church in the City of Norfolk,

Virginia, under the direction of the Eastern Virginia Conference, with Rev. C. J. Jones as the present minister; and that the Mission Board be requested to aid this work for this fiscal year by an appropriation not to exceed \$800.00. That the Brotherhood at large be requested to aid in the erection of a Memorial Temple at that place." These resolutions were adopted unanimously by the convention.

The permanent church building is a necessity recognized by every one acquainted with the work. We are confident that we might have had forty additional members, who, in the absence of doctrinal convictions, have gone elsewhere rather than worship indefinitely in the "slab chapel," or harness themselves to the unknown expenses of new church buildings.

We have a very desirable location, which, with adjacent lots, we own by special donation of the Eastern Virginia Christian Conference. In a United Effort to put up a memorial church edifice which shall stand as a monument of the grand reunion of the Christian churches of America, after a separation of thirty-four years, the churches of the South pledge \$10,000. It is estimated that the edifice (plain, commodious and substantial) will cost \$17,000. Under the direction of a board of trustees representing the North and South, it is proposed to issue this circular letter to appeal to the brotherhood at large; and that while any amount will be gratefully received, and the donor's name be preserved in the history of the church and published in the *Harold of Gospel Liberty*, and *The Christian Sun*; to every one donating \$5.00 or more, to every Sunday school donating \$5.00 or more, to every church donating \$10.00 or more, the donor's name will be preserved, and published in our church papers, and in addition, a beautiful certificate will be forwarded to each. The board of trustees consists of thirteen of the leading ministers and successful business men of the North and South. The Secretary and Treasurer of the board - Col. Alexander Savage, is one of the most successful business men in the South, and upon his board of reference may be seen the bank presidents of the city of Norfolk. All moneys contributed will be sent to him and be under exclusive control of the board of trustees.

The investment is a perfectly safe one, as city property is constantly increasing in value, and it is questionable if there is any other work of the general church which assures such rich results as this in cementing the unity of the church and inspiring the hosts of our Zion, North and South, in addition to the great importance of the work itself.

DEAR FRIENDS:—We appeal to you to fall into line, and to the extent of your ability, respond. To a few, monuments are erected after death. Their eyes never look upon the shaft or column; the blessed consciousness of noblest work grandly accomplished comes too late. Let us build our monument while we live, and lift up, by the united effort of thousands of willing hands, this temple—this UNION MEMORIAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH in the city of Norfolk.

We furnish a blank which we hope you will fill with your name, address and amount given, and enclosing the same with the money—Post-Office Money Order, or check, place in the enclosed envelope, addressed to the Secretary and Treasurer—Col. Alexander Savage, No. 66 Boush Street, Norfolk, Va.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES ELECT.

Rev. T. M. McWhinney, D. D., Rev. J. B. Weston, D. D., Rev. J. P. Watson, D. D., Rev. A. H. Morrill, A. M., Rev. E. R. Wade, Col. Alexander Savage, E. M. Eley, Esq., Robert Hyslop, Esq., Rev. W. W. Staley, A. M., Rev. J. P. Barrett, D. D., Capt. P. H. Lee, Willis J. Lee, Esq., Capt. Thomas Gaskins, and Rev. C. J. Jones, D. D., Ex-Officio

By order of the church,

T. A. JONES,  
*Church Clerk.*

C. J. JONES, *Gen'l Evangelist.*

Married.

In Alamance Co., N. C., near Graham, April 28, 1892. Miss Emma G. Griffin of Alamance Co. to Mr. J. E. Frauds of Wake Co., by Rev. W. H. Roach. Both the bride and bridegroom are of excellent families. A good supper was enjoyed, and many presents presented.

Annual Meeting Medical Society of North Carolina, Wilmington, N. C.

For above occasion the Richmond and Danville Railroad will sell reduced rate round trip tickets to Wilmington, N. C. and return at the following rates from points named below, intermediate points in same proportion. Tickets on sale May 15 to 19th inclusive, limited May 23, 1892. Durham, 7.55; Greensboro, 7.55; Henderson, 9.50; Releigh, 7.05; Selma, 5.45; Winston-Salem, 9.20.

Rates N. C. State Democratic Convention, Raleigh N. C.

For above occasion the Richmond and Danville Railroad will sell reduced rate round trip tickets to Raleigh, N. C. and return, at following rates from points named below, intermediate points in same proportion. Tickets on sale May 16th, 17th and 18th, limited returning May 21. 1892. Charlotte, 7.45; Durham, 1.65 Greensboro, 4.30; Goldsboro, 2.75; Lincolnton, 8.40; Marion, 9.40; Winston-Salem, 5.60.

**Formaloria, Liver Tonic, or Indigestion, &c.**  
**BROWN'S IRON BITTER.**

A Generous Offer.

Our esteemed brother, Rev. J. W. Lawton, who is widely known among us for his remarkable ability to restore health the sick and suffering, makes the following generous offer to all who may feel the need of a blood purifying, nerve strengthening spring medicine: Upon receipt of fifty cents, in postage stamps, and the name of your nearest express office, he will at once forward you a full month's treatment of his "Indian Blood Syrup." This medicine is purely herbal, very pleasant to use, and wonderful in its cleansing, renovating, and curative power. Bro. Lawton also covenants that one-half of all moneys so sent him shall be forwarded to Clements & Mood, Publishers of the *SUN*, Raleigh, N. C., to be given to such of our denominational interests as the parties sending it may name. The balance is to pay for bottles, printing, postage, boxes, etc. Address Rev. J. W. Lawton, Box 40, Manning, Orleans County, N. Y. This offer is open until July 1, 1892.

How I made Money.

While visiting my cousins in Illinois last month, I learned she had been making money plating with gold, silver and nickel, using the Lightning Plater, which she told me worked to perfection. After I got home I sent \$5 to H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and obtained one of their plating machines and I have now all the work I can do. My brother gets the orders and I do the work, and it is surprising how much work can be had. Every boy has spoons, knives and forks to plate, and you can plate quick and nice. One week I made \$12.50 and this week I made \$9 and didn't do much work. As this is my first lucky streak I give my experience, hoping others may be benefited as much as I have been.

CARRIE GRINES.

Ayer's Hair Vigor restores natural color to the hair, by stimulating a healthy action of the scalp. This preparation also produces a vigorous growth of the hair, and gives a beautiful lustre and youthful appearance. Recommended by physicians, clergymen, and scientists.

Bessie H. Belloe, Burlington, Vt., had a disease of the scalp, causing her hair to become very harsh and to fall so freely that she scarcely dared to comb it. Ayer's Hair Vigor gave her a healthy scalp, removed the dandruff, and made the hair thick and glossy.

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**W. T. FITZGERALD, ATTORNEY AT LAW,**  
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**

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